

Mexico Weekly Ledger

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

R. M. WHITE, EDITOR.



FOR PRESIDENT,
SAMUEL J. TILDEN,
OF NEW YORK.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
THOS. A. HENDRICKS,
OF INDIANA.
For Congress,
AYLITT H. BUCKNER,
Of Audrain.

Democratic State ticket.

For Governor,
JOHN S. PHELPS,
Of Greene.
Lieutenant Governor,
B. C. BROCKMEYER,
Of St. Louis.
Secretary of State,
MICHAEL K. McGRATH,
Of St. Louis.
State Treasurer,
ELIAH GATES,
Of St. Joseph.
Auditor of State,
THOMAS HOLLIDAY,
Of Madison.
Attorney General,
JACKSON L. SMITH,
Of Cole.
Register of Lands,
JAMES E. McHENRY,
Of Jackson.
Judge of the Supreme Court,
JOHN W. HENRY,
Of Macon.
Railroad Commissioners:
JAMES HARDING, of Cole.
J. MARMADUKE, St. Louis.
JOHN WALKER of Howard.
For State Senator,
HON. JOHN A. FLOOD.

COUNTY TICKET.

Representative,
D. H. MCINTYRE.
Prosecuting Attorney,
J. M. GORDON.
Probate Judge,
S. M. EDWARDS.
Sheriff,
H. GLASSCOCK.
Collector,
JOHN J. STEELE.
Treasurer,
T. J. MARSHALL.
Assessor,
T. T. TORRISON.
Surveyor,
J. N. BASKETT.
Pub. Administrator,
D. E. SHEA.
Coroner,
DR. S. N. RUSSELL.
County Court Justices,
Cent'l. Dist.—**W. H. STEWART.**
West'n. Dist.—**JAS. JACKSON.**
Constable, Salt River Township,
R. B. HOOTON.

McKee wants to come out for
Hayes but he can't get out.

The total population of Vandalia,
in 1877—27 negroes and 380 whites.

What radical office-holder ever
raised his voice against Radical
theories without being kicked out.—
Bristow and Blanford Wilson, for in-
stance.

The earth is ready to take the
ruins, so are both political parties.

The longest night in Norway
lasts three months, and when a
young man goes to see his girl, her
mother, before retiring, tells her not
to ruin her health by sitting up more
than two months.

A witness for the prosecution, in
a murder case was thus questioned
by his Honor: 'You say you saw
the man shot at and killed?' 'Yes
sir.' 'You said, I think, that the
charge struck the deceased on his
side, between the diaphragm and
the duodenum?' 'No, sir; I didn't
say such thing. I said he was
hit between the hog-pen and the
wood-house.'

Additional Demonstrative Proof of Huxley's Evolution Theory

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN: I
am an evolutionist. I was an evo-
lutionist before I read Prof. Hux-
ley's lectures, and now that I have
read them I am an evolutionist more
than ever—a forever-evolutionist, I
may say; or, if you choose, an ever-
lasting-evolutionist.

My reason for being so is this.
Among the direct proofs of evolu-
tion, neglected in Huxley's third
lecture, I will cite the nigger. Sir,
the nigger is the connecting link be-
tween the ram and rooster. The
wool on his forehead and his propen-
sity to fight by butting are sur-
vivals of the ram, and his elongated
beak (aborted spurs) are survivals
of the rooster. Nothing can be
clearer. Then again the well known
nigger song:

De ram blow de ho'n.
And de sheep sheli de co'n—
Nebber see de like sence I was bo'n.
This song, handed down from
prehistoric times, attests most con-
clusively his remarkable ram and
rooster origin. Sir, the evidence is
overwhelmingly complete.

JONES OF VIRGINIA.
P. S.—By artificial selection of
the longest beaked niggers we can
easily restore the spurs; conversely,
by selection of the woolliest and
hardest-headed we can gradually
work back to the ram with horns.

Here are a couple of opinions
from republican stumpers who are
now talking for Hayes, showing
what John A. Logan and Carl
Schurz think:

LOGAN.
'I challenge any democrat to point
out a purer administration in the
history of the country than that of
Gen. Grants.'

SCHURZ.
'The administration has this pecu-
liar merit—it is so grossly cor-
rupt as to satisfy any mind, even
the most stupid, that reform is nec-
essary.'

The Advertising Columns.

Regarded in a liberal light, the ad-
vertising columns of a newspaper
are of no inconsiderable importance,
for no reader of the public press is
properly informed or fully acquaint-
ed with the news of the day, until
he has thoroughly read the adver-
tisements. They are the pulse of
commerce and universal activity,
and contain not only rare specimens
of human idiosyncrasies, but are il-
lustrative of life in every possible
phase, and are a necessary auxiliary
to the development of arts and sci-
ences as well as to the agricultural
interest of the locality of their pub-
lication. They minister to love;
they speak of change; they betimes
excite a smile, sometimes a tear.—
To the sick they promise health; to
the poor, wealth; the pleasure-seeker
is posted on current amusements;
the book-buyer learns the price, pecu-
liarity, and title of the last new
work; in fact, every want of ordi-
nary life is expressed or suppositious-
ly supplied by the advertising de-
partment of the ordinary newspaper.

Advertisements are addressed to an
entire community, whether they are
of a personal or general nature, and
are an infallible index of the pros-
perity of the community from whence
they emanate. That advertising pays
is evidenced by the long continuity
of different specials in the press gen-
erally; and hence, where it has proven
remunerative to advertisers from
the extreme limits of the Union, to
insert their briefly worded descrip-
tions of specialties in our local press,
so it will for our local dealers and
manufacturers to patronize this same
local press.

The depression of business offers
no tangible argument against adver-
tising; rather should the advertiser
be stimulated to renewed activity,
for the ostensible purpose of waking
up customers, and thus animating
the general commercial, agricultur-
al, and domestic interest of depressed
communities. Every paper is de-
voted to some special purpose, that
is, to expound and advocate the in-
terest of certain industries; and on
this plea we are told that "it is of no
interest to me to advertise in your
paper, as you do not reach my class
of customers." We cannot see the
anomaly, for though a paper may
have a larger rural than a city cir-
culation, yet the wants of the farm-

ing community are identical with
those of crowded thoroughfares.

Therefore it behooves the merchant
and manufacturers, the professional
and non-professional men, to adver-
tise liberally, advertise courageously
and the public to read the advertise-
ments and profit by them in patron-
izing the advertiser.

Sour mash Cullom didn't mash
things very much in Cairo, Ill.

After the Ohio and Indiana elec-
tions Zach Chandler will have an
empty barrel or two for sale.

Another Callaway Wonder.

—Mrs. Frankie McDaniel, a colored
woman residing near Moore's Mill
has presented us with a sweet pota-
to that measures 5 feet, 10 1/2 in-
ches. The potato is not large, but
that is the exact length of it. Who
can beat it?—Fulton Telegraph.

Who can beat what? That story?
No, Bro. Williams, that's not a large
potato at all, and we fear you mea-
sured vine and all. There is a color-
ed woman north of Mexico who says
she has some potatoes so large that
she can put one end in the fire, and
she, 4 children and the old man can
all sit on the potato, and the other
end is so big that she can't get it in
the house. What do you think of
that?

The new tunnel being built under
the Tnames, is intended chiefly for
the use of about 8,000 workmen who
have to cross at that point, and who
are often detained by fog that stops
the boats. It will be an iron tube
nine feet in diameter, and lighted
with gas, thoroughly ventilated, and
only for pedestrians.

The last personal charge against
Tilden is, that he whips his wife.

'Nobody's child.'—Carl Schurz.

Mules have kicked more Demo-
cratic candidates to death this year
than was ever known in history be-
fore.—Indianapolis Journal.

Both mules and jackasses have
been kicking at the Democratic
party from time immemorial, but
the organization survives for all
that.

HOW TO HAVE PEACE.

Would you be quiet, and have
peace within troublous times? Keep
near to God; beware of anything
that may interpose betwix you and
your confidence. 'It is good for
me,' said the Psalmist, 'to be near
to God;' not only to draw near, but
to keep near, to cleave to Him, and
dwell in Him, so the word imports.
Oh the sweet calm of such a soul
amidst all storms! Thus, once
trusting and fixed, then no more
fear, 'he is not afraid of evil tid-
ings.'

Whatever sound is terrible in the
ears of men—the news of war, news
of death or even the sound of the
trumpet in the last judgment—he
hears all undisturbed. Nothing is
unexpected. Being once fixed on
God, then the heart may put cases to
itself, and suppose all things imagin-
able, even the most terrible, and look
for them—not troubled before trou-
ble comes with dark and dismal ap-
prehensions, but satisfied in a quiet,
unmoved expectation of the hardest
things. Whatsoever it is, though
not thought on particularly before,
yet the heart is not afraid of the
news of it because it is fixed, trust-
ing in the Lord. Nothing can shake
that foundation nor dissolve that union,
therefore no fear. Yes, this as-
surance stays the heart of all things,
how strange and unforeseen soever.
All are foreseen to my God, on whom
I trust—yes, are fore-contrived and
ordered by Him. This is the im-
pregnable fortress of a soul—all is
at the disposal and command of my
God; my father rules all—what need
I fear? The soul trusting on God is
prepared for all; and in the saddest
apprehensions of the soul, beyond
hope, believes against hope; even in
the darkest night casts anchor in
God—reposes on him when it sees no
light.—Isa. i. x.—Leighton.

We do not go to press to-day be-
cause we are waiting for complete
returns from the elections in the
east. Hereafter we will be on time.

The largest stock of German accor-
deons ever brought to this market, at
Mark P. Ocher's store, and from 25 to
50 per cent. cheaper than you can buy
the same goods anywhere else. 25-27

GLORIOUS VICTORY.



Latest Returns Give 2,000
to 3,00 Democratic
Majority.

Indianapolis, Oct. 11.—All the re-
turns received this morning show
small Democratic gains, and convince
the Democratic committee that their
claim of Democratic victory is fully
justified.

The State ticket and 5 out of 12
congressmen elected.

West Virginia has gone Democrati-
c by a large majority. Two thirds of
the legislature being Democratic.

Farewell, Ohio, Farewell.



The returns from Ohio, are meager,
but the state will go Republican by a
small majority.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE LEDGER

A Costly Sandwich.

Many strangers at the Centennial
are not yet aware that they can't get
out, even for a moment, and get
back on the same entrance fee. I
saw an old man evidently a Granger,
try it the other day. He says to
the gate-man:

I want to go out a minute. You'll
know me when I come back. won't
you?

Gate-man. Yer, I'll know you by
a fifty-cent stamp.
Granger. What! Ain't the money
I paid good for all day?

Gate-man. Yes, its good for all
day if you stay in all day.

Granger. But I want a bite 'eet.

Gate-man. That's the rule. old
man, and you'll have to stand it.—
But I'll tell you what you can do.

You can go down by them palings,
and there's some boys outside will
sell you a sandwich for twenty cents.

I followed the old gentleman down
by the palings to witness his invest-

ment. Sure enough he found an au-
burn-haired boy with sandwiches,
and, taking one through the slats,
passed out a fifty-cent stamp. Then
he held his hand through for the
change.

This is 1876, says the brick-top
Arab.

Granger. Well, I guess I knowed
that before. Gim my change!

Arab. This is Centennial year.

Granger (snapping his fingers nervously
through the crack). Here,
boy, I don't want no foolin. Gim
my change right away.

Arab. Don't you know this is
Centennial year?

Granger. Yes, sholy I do. Gim
my change, you owdacious devil.

Arab. Don't give no change Cen-
tennial year.

Granger. You cussed, infernal,
red-headed brat of Satan, if you don't
gim me thirty cents I'll come out
there and get a policeman hold of
you.

Arab. Now mister, that wouldn't
be business. You don't want to
come out here and pay fifty cents to
get back, just for thirty cents; and
if yer was to do it for spite, where'd
I be when you got out? You see
this is Centennial year. Have to
make our jack this year. Now, you
go along quiet and nice, and it'll be
the same next Centennial.

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ton ones. They say if you wear 'em
right along through the winter your
feet don't get cold.

Some cotton socks were handed
out, and he persuaded the dealer to
drop from twenty to fifteen cents
per pair. Then he said:

I can buy the same kind as these
in Toledo for ten cents.

It don't seem possible, replied the
dealer. Will you swear to it?

I will. I'll make affidavit to the
fact.

The dealer told him to go around
to a justice, make the affidavit, and
he should then have four pairs at 10
cents per pair. The stranger was as
good as his word, and he chuckled
over his shrewdness until the docu-
ment was made out and he had been
sworn. Then the Justice remarked:

A dollar is the fee.

Something came over the stranger
about that rate. His knees wob-
bled a little, and he swallowed as if
something choked him. He handed
over the dollar, walked out, and the
four pairs of socks are still left on
the shelf. If the shrewd chap made
any remarks to himself, he probably
whispered:

Virtue is its own reward, and you
are a 150 pounds of fool!

DIED.

At the residence of Jno. Skelly, 6
miles northeast of this city, on Tues-
day morning, Anna May Skelly,
daughter of John and Clemmy Skel-
ly, aged one year. These friends who
have so many times been called to
mourn the loss of their children
should think that they have gone to a
better and happier land. The
infant dying is surely received in the
loving arms of our Savior who on
earth said, 'suffer little children to
come unto me for of such is the King-
dom of Heaven.'

At the residence of Thos. Wil-
liams, her son, 12 miles north of Mex-
ico, on Wednesday morning five
minutes to 8 o'clock. Mrs. Williams
wife of Henry Williams, a well
known retired merchant of this city.

The funeral services will be con-
ducted at the M. E. Church South, of
this city at 3 o'clock by the Rev. H.
H. Bourland. Her remains will be
entered in the new cemetery, all the
friends of the family are requested to
attend. Aged 54 years.

ONLY A POOR GIRL.

Death and Burial of a Depraved
Woman whose First sin was Love.

The glitter of the bright world con-
fuses the eyesight of the rich so that
few of the dark stains on life, and
the woes of the unfortunates are rarely
discovered by the class best able
to afford relief, and assuage the
grief which springs from a defiled
heart. These facts afford a reason
for the reporter making reference to
a death so commonplace as that of
only a poor girl.

Six years ago Ida McEltee was on-
ly nineteen years of age, and one of
the brightest students in the Mexico,
Mo., female seminary, where she
graduated with honors. Her pa-
rents were well to do, and had spared
no means to give Ida all the ad-
vantages which might prove a pass-
port for her entry into the best cir-
cles of society. Before the comple-
tion of her education she formed an
attachment, the result of which has
been told a million times—broken
vows and a ruined character.

Filled with an ambition and pride
which has caused the death of so
many who could never reconcile
their conscience to the first sin, Ida
came to St. Louis by the advice of
her destroyer, and entered Sue
Brown's den, on Christy avenue.—
While there she married a "gutter
snipe" by the name of Harlow, but
lived with him only a short time, af-
ter which she became an inmate of
Mollie Barnum's bagnio located on
the northwest corner of Seventh and
Christy avenue. She lived at this
place about five years. Nearly four
months ago she was stricken with
consumption, and was confined to
her bed almost constantly up to the
time of her death. She had a friend
by the name of Charley Boyd, whose
name she assumed, and by which she
has been known some time. She
called him to her bedside, a few days
ago, and told him she had just been
christened in the Catholic faith; that
she knew her death was fast ap-
proaching, and as a last request she
asked that he would go to her trunk
take out all the letters and burn them,
in order that no one might know
the secrets of her life. Boyd did
as directed, after which he bade
the girl farewell.

Ida was removed to the Sister's
Hospital, where she died, and from
which place she was buried, the fun-
eral being attended by a large num-
ber of the inmates of the bagnios on
Christy avenue.

It is only proper to give credit to
those who deserve it, whatever faults
such persons may have, and there-
fore we mention the fact that Mollie
Barnum, the mistress of the brothel
in which Ida lived, never abandoned
the poor girl in her distress, but em-
ployed physicians to attend her and
gave the girl every comfort money
could buy, and paid every expense
of the funeral.

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the poor girl in her distress, but em-
ployed physicians to attend her and
gave the girl every comfort money
could buy, and paid every expense
of the funeral.

Ida was removed to the Sister's
Hospital, where she died, and from
which place she was buried, the fun-
eral being attended by a large num-
ber of the inmates of the bagnios on
Christy avenue.

It is only proper to give credit to